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Bridgewater State Normal School

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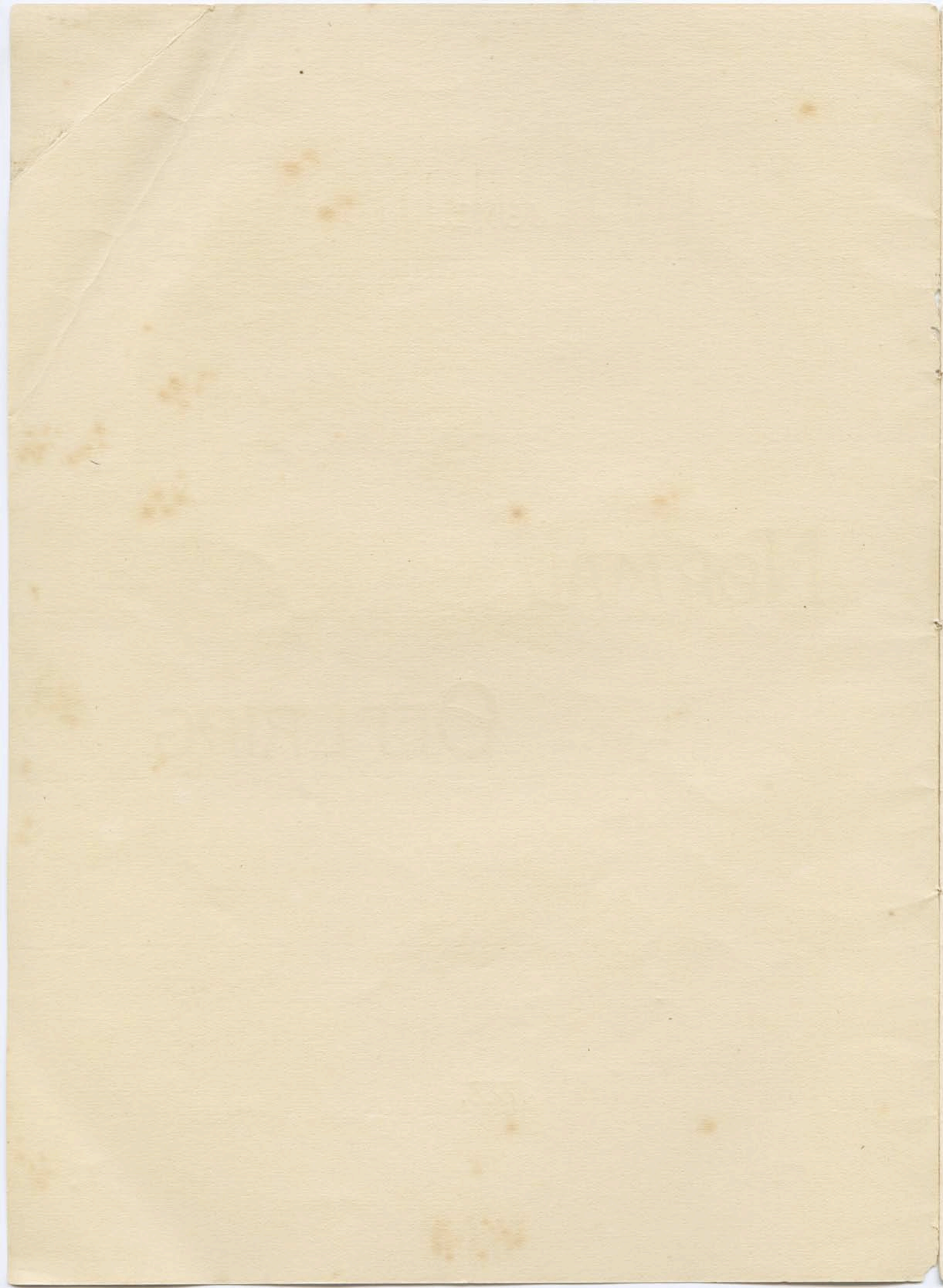
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NORMAL

OFFERING.

1888.



Normal Offering.

Vol. III.

State Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass., June, 1888.

No. 5.

The Normal Offering.

Published monthly during the School Year, by the Lyceum of the
Bridgewater State Normal School

EDITORIAL BOARD.

Editor-in-Chief, FRANK E. GURNEY.

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The OFFERING is strictly a school paper, and all members of the school
are requested to contribute.

Ex-members and graduates of the school are requested to keep us in-
formed of their whereabouts, and of any other items of interest.

Articles for publication should be sent in before the 5th of the month.

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deemed satisfactory.

HENRY T. PRATT, Printer, Bridgewater, Mass.

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AGAIN the end of the term is approaching with its pleasures and sadness. The school is to be congratulated upon the good work done throughout the term, and upon the unusually fine condition in which it is reaching the end of its labor. In spite of the amount which has been accomplished, we find few with the tired look

which is frequently seen at the close of the school year; for this, base ball and tennis are to be thanked, as well as the out-door work in Geology, Zoölogy, and Botany, which gives the pupil an object in his walks, and brings him home with a fuller appreciation of the beauties of nature, a vigorous circulation, an amazing appetite, and a good preparation for his evening's work.

We feel the sadness of the approaching separation, but, while we shall miss sorely the fifty-three of our number who are to leave us, we follow them to their work with the best wishes for their success, and the most sincere interest and sympathy. Those who have done so well throughout the course here, can hardly fail in their later work, and the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts is to be congratulated upon receiving such a valuable addition to her corps of teachers.

To the rest of the school the OFFERING extends heartiest wishes for a restful and enjoyable vacation, and a pleasant re-union in the fall.

THE class prophecy in this number will be read with much interest by all. We did not realize what a *remarkable* class was leaving us, until the fact was thus prophetically brought to our attention. But, we ourselves venture to predict, that the history of '88, if it should be written years from now, would record greater achievements than even the imagination of the seer could picture. That you may live honest, true lives, and gain honor and distinction in your chosen calling, is the wish and expectation of your friends of the OFFERING.

IN the September number, the next article in the teachers' series will be contributed by Principal Boyden. Also, there will be a full report of Biennial, especially of the ceremonies attending the presentation of the portrait of Miss Eliza B. Woodward.

WE present you for the first time in its history, an OFFERING with more than the customary eight pages. If it shall be found entertaining and instructive by our many readers, we shall feel amply repaid for our extra labor.

NATURE STUDY.

ARTHUR C. BOYDEN, A. M.

WITHIN recent years the Nature studies have gradually been coming into prominence in this school, and while much of the work is still tentative and the arrangements are very inadequate, yet the main principles of the work are established. Among the characteristics of elementary work, these are prominent.

The study begins with materials close at hand. Every school in the country is surrounded with an abundance of material, the stones which are trodden upon or passed every day in gravel path, wall, bank or outcropping ledge, are storehouses of truth and beauty hidden from the child unless guided to them by the appreciative teacher; the young plants budding into life in the spring, adorned with the ever varying flowers of summer, and crowned with the rich seed-bearing fruit of autumn, are hints from the Creator for us to search for his secrets and to lead the little ones to "consider the lilies of the field"; the common animals which we pasture and pet, the birds coming and going during the year, filling the air with their mating songs, or quietly nesting around our houses, the millions of insects regarded by most as useless or as pests, the tiny animals going through their wondrous changes in the brooks and ponds, all these are waiting for patient and appreciative observation.

How shall the teacher use all this? By short trips with the children to arouse their interest, to show them how to collect and care for the objects, to teach them how to observe nature in her home; by interesting observation lessons on things collected by her and the children as the basis of language work, supplementary reading, and composition work, as an aid to geography and reading lessons, or in general exercise to brighten the slow hours; by stimulating them to make school collections of their town and continue their observation into all the hours of their life, perhaps

changing the whole current of their reading and even finding the life bent of some apparently dull child, certainly adding an element of joy to many a prosaic life.

The study is based on the pupil's observation. The children should study live plants and animals as far as possible in their haunts; this observation may be followed by the use of pictures, drawings by the teacher, supplementary reading, examination of preserved specimens in a cabinet, and interesting information by the teacher or others.

The study is used as a means of training rather than an end in itself. The knowledge gained is a preparation for other subjects in the course, for later reading in life, and if the pupil passes into a higher school becomes a foundation for the study of the sciences proper, and if nothing else is sought it adds a life long source of pleasure to a person as he moves through the varied objects of nature. The training to exact and careful observation in the natural order of sequence, the power to distinguish the essential from the subordinate marks, the ability to express easily in word, written composition, and drawing, are valuable acquisitions to a person in any station of life.

The highest training comes in the ability to read to some degree the thoughts of the "divine creative mind" who is moving in and through all the forces of nature, an appreciation of Him who has been and is working through space and time for the comfort and elevation of those made in his own image. Every teacher of nature should have the spirit of Agassiz who said "For myself, I may say that I now never make the preparation for penetrating into some small province of Nature hitherto undiscovered, without breathing a prayer to the Being who hides His secrets from me only to allure me graciously on to the unfolding of them." The highest work of a teacher is to become an inspiration to his pupils in searching for and living the truth.

MEMORIAL DAY.

THE committee and several of the pupils worked very busily upon the decorations all the morning, and at the hour for the beginning of the service, the hall presented a very beautiful

appearance. Under the tablet was placed a large frame trimmed with lilacs and ferns. The busts of Lincoln, Sumner, and Garfield, were decorated with flowers and flags; potted plants were placed in the windows; noticeable among the decorations were a pillow and wreath of apple blossoms, and a cross of beautiful pansies surrounded by ferns; pansies were also placed on Prof. Kirmayer's desk.

The service began with the singing of "The American National Hymn" by the school, followed by prayer by Rev. W. W. Fay. An appropriate selection was then given by a double quartette of gentlemen.

Principal Boyden made an address of welcome, speaking of the value of commemorating the day, and introducing Rev. A. E. Winship, as a representative of the veteran alumni of the school. Mr. Winship spoke with much feeling of the time when so many young men left the school to enter the service of their country. But, he said, while we have one thought for the past, we have many for the future; while we are thankful for the example of these men who fought for principle and patriotism, we must remember that the hope in the future is also in patriotism, and that this spirit must be cultivated chiefly in the schools. It is our privilege to live for our country, and to teach those who come under our influence, to be loyal to it and to oppose everything which might prove detrimental to its welfare.

Messrs. Lincoln, Palmer, Leonard and Hobart then sang "Comrades, sleep!" very effectively after which Principal Boyden introduced Rev. T. F. Wright, who represented the veterans of the town. Mr. Wright spoke of the story of our war as one of the most wonderful stories in all history, and traced its progress from the time when the army was formed of boys and old men, of farmers, shop-keepers, teachers and ministers, through all the doubt, difficulty, and danger to the glorious victory, and at last to the return of the soldiers to citizenship, asking only pensions for the wounded and reverence for the dead.

The services closed with the singing of "America" by all present, and the pronouncing of the benediction by Rev. W. W. Fay.

The procession was immediately formed, con-

sisting of the Bridgewater Band, the Normal Cadets, Veteran Soldiers and Sailors, and the Speakers, followed by students bearing wreaths. The procession halted before the Library and wreaths were placed under the tablets while the band played a dirge; they then marched to the cemetery, where the students decorated the graves of the veterans, and of Miss Woodward, Mr. Conant and Mr. Tillinghast.

UNE PETITE LISTE.

FRANK P. SPEARE.

As some day it may happen
That some teachers must be found,
I've got a little list,
I've got a little list,
Of young ambitious Normals
Who have covered all the ground,
In Psychology and Hist,
In Psychology and Hist.
There's the coy and blushing maiden
Who has lately left mama,
And the stern and valiant masculine,
Who bolder is by far;
There's the timid and the bashful one,
The confident and strong;
The girl who all her outline knows
And never gets it wrong;
And the one who goes home crying
If a single thing she's missed;
They're all upon the list,
They're all upon the list.

There's the pitch-pipe blowing Junior
And the others of his class,
I've got him on the list,
I've got him on the list.
The one who thinks he knows it all,
There is no sand in glass;
I think he'll find he's missed,
I think he'll find he's missed.
And the girl who says so readily
Mensa, mensae, mensam,
Servus, servi, servo, servum,
Est, rego, audiam.
She's one who translates glibly,
Reads Cæsar at first sight,
Who says she never studies much,
But does till late at night;
And the poor deluded creature
Who thinks *amo* means he kissed,
I'm sure that he's been *missed*,
I'm sure that he's been *missed*.

There's the confident Ex-Junior
Who the pitch-pipe blew last half;

I've got him on the list,
 I've got him on the list.
 He's glad that he's no Junior,
 You can tell that by his laugh;
 The girls now wear the twist,
 The girls now wear the twist.
 But when they come to Grammar,
 They wish they'd ne'er been born;
 The twist comes down, the roses fade,
 They look so sad and worn;
 They study all the evening,
 Up so early in the morn;
 Some even leave their dinner,
 But we treat all such with scorn.
 For, my dear friend, please remember
 That we've all been through the mill;
 And some are living still,
 And some are living still.

Next come the fine Sub-Seniors
 Whose fame is now far spread;
 Ten finds them all in bed,
 The girls with bangs on lead.
 No more we hear in accents clear
 That more than twice told tale,
(Sixty-four in the morning, Mr. Reed)
 For Grammar is now stale,
 We are not quite so pale.
 But Civil Government is not
 Conducive to a nap,
 And Rhetoric makes one's brain expand
 And almost seem to crack;
 Perspective? O that's lots of fun,
 And Reading is so nice;
 Arithmetic is easy, if
 Your mind works in a trice;
 But they say that Physiology
 Gives students lots of work;
 I hope there're none who shirk,
 I hope there're none who shirk.

At last we reach the Seniors,
 Those who graduate in June;
 Alas! it is too soon,
 Alas! it is too soon.
 Twelve fine young men will leave us then,
 And never will return,
 But friendship's flame will burn,
 Although fond hearts may yearn.
 And out into this cold and cruel
 World they all must go;
 Some will teach school, some own a bank,
 And some will shovel snow.
 Of ladies forty-one or more,
 Will join that noble band
 Of Massachusetts schoolmarms,
 Who're in such great demand.
 But upon these last named ladies
 I do not like to dwell,

The reason you can tell,
 You know it but too well.

I'm sure you'll all agree with me
 These Seniors on the list,
 Will each of them be missed,
 Will each of them be missed.
 They've been with us the last few years
 In all our joys and fears;
 They'll leave us then in tears.
 They'll leave us then in tears.
 But when unto our domiciles
 In June we homeward hie,
 We must not stop to meditate,
 Grow morbid, weep or sigh,
 But try to raise a Junior class
 To take our lost one's place;
 We need a first class pitcher,
 And another good third base;
 So graduates attend to this,
 And ne'er forget the school,
 Which made you less a fool,
 'Neath firm but kindly rule.

VACATION NOTES.

Principal Boyden will pass most of the vacation in Bridgewater. He will attend the American Institute at Newport in July.

Profs. Kirmayer and Jackson will remain in Bridgewater.

Prof. A. C. Boyden in the early part of July may be found at the Chataqua Teachers' Retreat, New York, in the latter part of July at Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute, Cottage City, and in August at Wood's Holl, engaged in Zoölogical work.

Prof. Murdock will probably pass July at the seashore, and August in Bridgewater preparing for the fall campaign.

Miss Horne will divide the time at Lawrence, Mass., Brattleborough, Vt., and the Cape.

Miss Prince will revise topics at Hyannisport.

Miss Hutchinson will spend the vacation at Jefferson Highlands, N. H.

Miss Spalter will visit Milford, Springfield, and Westfield.

Miss Comstock may go to the White Mountains and will go to Castine, Me.

Miss Brassill will rest at her home at So. Weymouth.

Miss Perry will travel.

PROGNOSTICATIONS FOR CLASS
OF '88.

ARRANGED BY MISS N. E. LEAVITT.

Should you ask me how I know this,
 Know that these events will happen,
 Know the course of all these young lives,
 Know their trials and successes,
 All their pleasures and their hardships,
 Their advances and backslidings,
 All their future clear before me,
 As if looking through a window;
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 Do not seek to make inquiries
 Of those things which do not touch you,
 Subjects to most people awesome,
 These strange gifts to prophets given;
 Do not hear and pass this lightly,
 Do not say you don't believe it,
 Do not think that it is nonsense,
 Lest you learn the fate of scoffers;
 Only hear, and do not question,
 But take warning by these sayings
 And with caution guide your actions.
 Now the magic spell comes o'er me,
 And I see events that shall be,
 See the days to come approaching,
 See the long years from the shadows
 Of the future coming toward me.
 And behold! I see my class-mates,
 See the young men and the maidens,
 Whom I used to know at Normal.
 But alas! The group is scattered,
 And I see them in far places,
 See them in strange circumstances,
 Listen now, and I will tell you.

ON the right bank of the Ohio, but a little way inland, one sees a most lovely bit of American scenery. A quaint old-fashioned town, quiet, but of enduring fame, whose woods, dells, and mossy groves, woo the lover of Flora's gifts. And 'twas just here I met a group of merry-faced lads and lasses in search of the Trillium's dainty blossoms. But who leads these youthful botanists? One whose modest mien, whose graceful gliding step, whose gentle dignity could have belonged to no one but to her whom I had known so long ago at Bridgewater. I was pleased, but not surprised, to learn that for the last few years she had occupied the position of teacher of Botany and Penmanship in the Amadon Institution in this beautiful city,—for it was a Page in her life's history which I had long ago foretold.

By a sudden transition, I find myself in the

streets of Salt Lake City at noon. A careworn woman walks just before me, carrying a baby in her arms, and superintending the movements of a group of older children who are clinging about her skirts. A placard on her back bears this inscription, "No. 7." By degrees it is borne in upon me, that this familiar face and figure must belong to my class-mate who went out to teach the little Mormons. On inquiry, I found that soon after her arrival she was unfortunately—for her work, at least—captivated by one of the pillars of the church, with the foregoing results.

Miss Gardner went home after her graduation so full of 'method,' so saturated with answers to 'whys' and 'whens,' that her towns-people were deeply impressed. So much so, that a body of citizens called upon her and offered her a large salary and strong support at the next town meeting, to elect her superintendent of schools for the whole island of Nantucket.

"Herald! Five o'clock! Latest returns of the election! Elected by a majority of twenty thousand! Aaron B. Palmer as governor of Texas!"

I find myself one of an impatient audience in the largest opera house in the country. The gong strikes, a few soft measures are played by the orchestra, and the curtain rises on the first act of the "Bloody Lemon-drop or the Candy-woman's Revenge." Mlle. Nellie Washburnee advances to the footlights, and sings in her sweet, cultured voice "The Rag Gatherer's Love Song" as follows:

"O give me the life of an outcast free,
 No shoes or umbrellas or manners have we;
 And sleep 'neath the stars on a winter night,
 In a rollicking, cosey, old hogshead light."

With the last sob of this tender lay, the house comes down, followed by the curtain.

Once more I am in that familiar building—a school-house. But this school-house is in Central America and has not the apparatus and the many conveniences so common in the schools of this country. The first thing that attracts my attention, is a familiar voice entreating the apparently obstinate unresponsive pupils to give the "marks of a good standing position" and the essentials of a "good fist." The owner of the voice is Miss M. O. Wentworth who has for years

held the position of teacher of gymnastics and calisthenics in this celebrated academy.

And now without the lapse of any perceptible lapse of time, I find myself travelling on the cars. Soon the brakeman cries, "Dump Hollow Junction, All change!" Finding that I have about two hours to wait, I decide to take a walk, calling to mind the indisputable value of "physical exercise and cheerfulness." I have walked but a short distance, when I see a group of children approaching. As they come nearer one of them is saying, "That isn't the way to spell cat; it's c a t for Miss West said so." Walking on farther, and entering the school-house, I find that it is indeed the Miss West I knew at Bridgewater. There she sits at her desk planning to-morrow's work in true Normal style. Now she sees me and comes forward to greet me. After talking over old times she tells me of her own life since we left school. She also says that Miss Winslow is teaching vocal music among the Indians, and that Miss Atwood and Miss Taylor are matrons at the boarding hall, having occupied these situations since Miss Wood and Miss Williams, the former matrons, were married in the fall of '89.

"Great Musical Festival at Point of Pines! Gilmore's Band, Preston Smith, cornet soloist, Francesco Bump, greatest trombone soloist alive, and other celebrities!" Yes, Preston has reached the front rank in his profession, because he always Preston.

One of our class-mates has Emma-grated to Moosichickmeguntic and is Draper to her majesty Queen Mollychuwanunk.

Miss Knowles was teaching soon after her graduation, in a district school, but she was obliged to give this up in order to take care of a friend who was ill. This friend was afterwards taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital, and of course May was there a great deal. Scientific nursing had such a charm for her, that she gave up all thought of teaching, and took a course in the training department, and she now moves among the sick in such a quiet dainty way that it makes one willing to be sick, provided she were to be the nurse.

"Gentlemen desiring a business education would do well to send for Balch and Eldredge's catalogue for 1922, just out."

And now I am once more in the busy bustling thoroughfare with its massive walls rising straight up on either side. One needs not to be told that this is the "Hub of the Universe." I decide to walk up one of the principal streets. But what is this that attracts my eye? Nothing but a name. And what's in a name? However, I enter the large building and on the first landing find a ground-glass door with "Wortley's Vocal and Instrumental Music" in impressive black letters. I ring and am ushered into a spacious apartment, and soon there appears before me another old friend and classmate, Miss Jenkins. She tells me of many of the eminent graduates of our class in various positions along the spokes. Of course she didn't forget "Lew," for she is just in her element. She is teaching Elocution in all its comprehensiveness in Miss Astuym's Select School for Young Ladies. She teaches voice culture, facial expression, and exercises for increasing the chest capacity, so creditably, that even the greatest of critics, Dicken's Turveydrop, Sr., would have smiled approvingly.

Presto, I am in Timbuctoo. A crowd of half naked savages in full war paint and feathers, are eagerly pressing round a trembling captive, who bound hand and foot, is watching the preparations for a feast in which his name is to appear in the menu under 'Roast.' Heavens! can this be Huzzy? Yes, 'tis he, poor boy. Carried away by his zeal in religion, he gave up his parish at Wayback, and came here with a cargo of dolls and horse-radish sent out by the Zenana Band. As horse is a rare dish in Africa, he hoped to meet with a warm reception, but he never imagined such a one as this. We can only trust he will not give them dyspepsia.

Miss Bennet is in just the school she wanted—one in which there is a moulding table. With mild persistency, she dampens the earth, and with a shingle marks out North America. The children viewed this performance with great awe at first, but have since become very expert in this kind of mud-pie making.

"We are pleased to learn that Miss H. Jennie Kirby, formerly of *Fall River*, has recently been made first assistant of the High School in Denver, Col. Miss Kirby has been teaching in that city for the last five years and has been rapidly

promoted giving full satisfaction in every school she has taught."

"What am I offered for this here horse?" the loud voice of Kingman echoes through the stable, as Black Bet is trotted out for inspection. "Gents, no loud talking, I am auctioneer and if you don't bid fair there will be no auctioneer this afternoon." (He is killed and dragged out.)

Once again I am in the open air. As I pass along, I see great crowds pouring out of Tremont Temple and I learn that today is the Annual Billings Reunion. Soon I catch a glimpse of my classmate of that name, who tells me she has just got off for a day from her school in the Fairbanks Building. She also says that Miss Sears has been appointed to a position in Princeton Academy as teacher in Mathematics, and that our fair haired, gentle Miss Butler is principal of the Primary Department of the Slade School, Bowenville.

I am walking along one of the main streets of a city of Alaska. A paper containing these remarks is blown to my feet. "If you have a *poor memory* come tonight and hear F. P. Speare explain his celebrated Memory System! Satisfaction guaranteed. Tickets five dollars."

Miss Tinkham has been teaching for the last few years in Gloucester where she learned by personal experience at her boarding place what 'ship stuff' is.

Miss Whiton started a school for girls in Fitchburg, about three years after her graduation. It is now the largest and most popular school of the kind in the state. Young ladies from the best families go to her to receive their finishing education.

Jo. Mayo, filled with a desire to follow in the footsteps of her namesake in 'Little Women,' has founded a second 'Plumfield' in one of the South Sea Islands. She has been so busy knitting socks and hoods for the little boys and girls, that she has not done much real teaching yet, but she hopes soon to get out her grammar topics and set to work.

Miss Jordan went south to establish a school for colored children. She writes for the paper 'Dumb Animals' and besides teaching the school keeps a home for forlorn and destitute cats and dogs.

Our valedictorian, though very successful the few years she taught, found a more satisfying and agreeable life-work. She is still teaching, but her pupils are fewer in number, and she rules them all by love.

Listen! I hear the wail of a small child. Looking about I find myself in a neat cosy sitting-room. Nestled in the pillows of the cradle in the corner of the room is the baby whose cry I heard. The child cries again and I hear footsteps and then a voice saying, "Mamma's coming." And now who enters the room but she whom I knew at Bridgewater as Miss Mitchell. In our long chat she tells me that Miss Tucker is a member of the school committee in her native place, and that Miss Pierce is the wife of a well-to-do farmer. Miss Lane, she informed me, has opened an Old Ladies' Home. Just before my departure I picked up a German paper and my eye fell on this paragraph. "Miss Stefan, who is a graduate from the Normal School of Bridgewater, Mass., U. S. A., has opened an orphans' home in Heidleburg. Already thirteen little waifs have been put under her care."

Miss A. Sawyer has joined Barnum's Circus as an aeronaut. She has had considerable personal experience with a Ballou-n.

The scene changes now to a gloomy cell of a lunatic asylum, and here I see the shattered remains of one of the brightest intellects of the ex-junior arithmetic class. Miss Leavitt over strained her mind by trying to teach the children of a Kindergarten how to find three-fourths of two yards of paper and then explain the process.

WATERLOO, FEB. 31, 1946. The war between the Chinese and Irish is now at its height. I am standing in the center of the gory, trampled field. A blood stained warrior stands near me, his iron heel jammed into the neck of his fallen foe. There he stood, in every feature Grace, Andrew out his cruel sword, but now a change comes o'er his stolid face and stooping down he brushes the matted hair from the gaping wound in the forehead and says in heart-rending tones, "I am sorry you are dead." Yes, Austin still has a soft spot in his head, as when he pictured to us the scenes of Chevy Chase.

Miss E. Sawyer is writing the lives of great men, and when called upon was found engaged

with one of our martyr presidents "Lincoln." We were surprised to find what a vast knowledge she had on the subject, and could but admire the intense interest shown in the work.

"Winslow Ice Rink! Special engagement of Juan Alvarado, champion fancy skater of the Southern Hemisphere! Can skate fifty consecutive hours without becoming Chili!"

The committee of Miss Stuart's first school did not quite approve of some of her methods. But applying the never failing remedy in all such cases, she smiled up at him and invited him to 'wait till examination day.' He waited and now she teaches without let or hindrance by her own chosen methods.

Miss Elsie Blake is a barber in Scotland, Mass. She makes pompadours a specialty. Every customer is satisfied or Elsie has his money refunded.

"Prof. Ramon Lopez will receive a limited number of pupils in advanced English and dramatic action. Those wishing to acquire a pure Anglo-Saxon accent will do well to join his class."

I see Miss Field following in the footsteps of the illustrious Kate Field and she can now give "the lovely umbrella" with nearly as good effect as Katy herself.

Miss Wormley was married a few years ago to a rich old stock raiser who also owns a saw-dust pit in Kansas. She is now travelling in Italy where she is creating quite a sensation with her jewels. She always was Julie.

"Try the Nerve Restorer prepared by Dr. Sarah L. Copeland, N. G. M. D." (N. G. stands for Normal graduate, I presume.)

Miss Barry teaches French and German in Ohio and the other member of section O is master of a Boys' Training-school in Maine.

But what means this vast assembly? Why are so many crowding past each other into the hall? Mr. A. A. Lincoln, the Christian Scientist, is to speak tonight on the "Approximation of the imperfect certainty of opinion to the perfect certainty of belief." I hear many in the crowd speaking of the unparalleled bravery of Miss Annie Keene, who has been teaching in a Young Ladies Seminary in New York City. A fire recently broke out in the building, and by her coolness

and courage Miss Keene saved the lives of many of the pupils.

Yes, there was one in the class endowed with poetical genius. The following which appeared as the preface to her book of poems will give a sample of her style.

"S o small a weight may leave no trace
U pon the shifting sands of time;
S till to your kind and honest gaze,
I dedicate this simple rhyme.
E nough for me that friends alone
P eruse this darling of my brain,
A nd yet, in justice to the world
D are I its eager gaze restrain?
E nwrap in fancy's charming view,
L ong would I look and silence hold;
F ate interposed, this book must go
O ut to the world so proud and cold.
R eceive it kindly, O my friends,
D elight your souls with what it sends."

LYCEUM REPORTS.

MAY 11. Master Lindsay Sanford opened the entertainment with a piano solo. "Renyi" was well given by Miss Wormley. This was followed by a piano solo by Mr. Horan, after which Mr. Farnham read "The African Slave." Singing by the ladies' quartet, composed of Misses Field, Washburn, Wormley and Blake, was excellent. They responded to an encore with "John Anderson, My Jo." The debate upon the question, Protection vs. Tariff, was very animated, more taking part in general debate than usual. The regular disputants in the affirmative were, Messrs. Kelly and Jackson; in the negative, Messrs. P. Smith and Battice. The vote was twenty to seven in favor of Protection.

MAY 25. The following officers were chosen for next term: Pres., Mr. F. E. Hobart; Vice Pres., Mr. H. P. Shaw; Rec. Sec., Miss DeNormandie; Corres. Sec., Miss Andrews; Prudential Com., Mr. Farnham, Misses M. C. Adams and McGlashan; Editorial Board, Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Gurney; Assistants, Misses Bosworth, Snow and Thompson; Business Manager, Mr. Litchfield; Treas. of Lyceum, Mr. Nickerson; Auditor, Mr. Leavitt; Ushers, Messrs. Battice and Horan.

The lecture by Mr. Cressy, Rector of Trinity Church, Bridgewater, on "Travels Abroad and

Sojourn in London," was very interesting and instructive.

The Lyceum which was to have taken place June 8 was indefinitely postponed.

THE LYCEUM.

FRANK E. HOBART.

SHALL the Lyceum be wholly given up? Strange as it may seem, it has come to a point where the members of the Bridgewater Normal Lyceum ask themselves and others this very important question. For the past two years the interest shown by the school and even by the members, has been slowly diminishing.

The object of the Lyceum was and still is, "an important means towards the great end self-improvement": the question remains for us, How shall this end be obtained? Shall the exercises consist of debates *alone*? Shall they consist *only* of literary and musical entertainments? A thoughtful one would say, No, emphatically, to each of these questions, for the development of the mind is not limited to one thing alone, but it must expand and grow in all directions. Then I say with all emphasis, carry out the end sought, by all those exercises which tend toward self-improvement.

Shall the Lyceum be secondary to every affair in our community? It seems to me that self-improvement should be the primary thing, as all our social relations depend upon the education of the individual.

We *can* postpone the Lyceum for every small entertainment, but can we *afford* it?

What inducement is there for entering scholars to join the Lyceum, when they see with what reluctance the members accept the opportunity for debating, or what is more singular, the non-acceptance of offices. As an interested member of the Lyceum, I heartily commend the course taken by the late prudential committee, in intermingling the entertainment with the debate.

Can we not all afford two hours every fortnight, to give our full attention to those who have taken much pains in preparing a debate? Can we not improve ourselves, to say nothing of the courtesy and respect due them, by encouraging their efforts?

Then, let us not see the Lyceum fall from its high position, but rather let us make it more of an influence, and remember that its failure or success depends upon each individual member.

REPORT OF THE ZENANA BAND.

THE box which is to be sent to India was packed Saturday, June 9, and the Zenana Band has reason to feel well satisfied with the result of the year's work. The contents of the box were as follows: thirty-nine koörtas and fifty dolls, very prettily dressed, which were given by the Band as a whole; one-half dozen good toilet towels, one-half dozen Turkish face-cloths, three scrap-books very nicely arranged, a Bible, and a large number of carefully selected pictures, all given by the children of the Ministering League of Trinity Sunday School, who have become interested in our work through the effort of our President, Miss Wentworth; a large number of cards, and a year of the Chatauquan Magazine, given by Miss Wood and Miss Williams; two very pretty scrap-books, sent by a graduate; about four hundred choice cards, collected and sent by a gentleman in town, to whom the Band is greatly indebted, some views around the Campus, and a number of papers and magazines given by members of the Band.

Some of these articles are to be sent to Cawnpore to be distributed among the pupils of the Bridgewater School, and the rest will be sent to Calcutta, to be used in Miss Easton's school and by Miss Gardner in the Orphanage.

The work of the Band throughout the year has been successful in all directions, and if as much good is done to others as has already been done to ourselves, we may feel well satisfied, for each member of the Band who has been actively engaged in the work, surely finds that she has received some benefit in the broadening of her sympathy and the increase of her interest in a good work.

PERSONALS.

—Secretary J. W. Dickinson of the State Board of Education, gave the graduating class a written examination, Monday, June 11.

—'84. Mr. A. W. Armstrong is Principal of the High School at West Acton.

—A. C. Boyden, A. M. has been elected a corporate member of the Boston Society of Natural History.

—Mr. John A. Goodwin, a graduate of this school and formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives, has recently issued a book entitled "The Pilgrim Republic."

LIST OF PROMINENT GRADUATES OF B. S. N. S.
UNDER MR. TILLINGHAST,
FIRST PRINCIPAL OF THE SCHOOL.

- Class 3. John Kneeland, Supervisor of Schools, Boston.
- " 10. George A. Walton, Agent of Mass. Board of Education.
- " 11. William P. Hayward, Principal, Grammar School, Salem.
- " 13. David H. Daniels, Superintendent of Schools, Brookline.
- " 16. Joshua Kendall, Principal, Boys' Private School, Cambridge.
- " " William H. Ladd, Principal, Chauncy Hall School, Boston.
- " 17. Nathaniel T. Allen, Principal, English and Classical School, West Newton.
- " " George L. Andrews, Brig. Gen., Professor of French, U. S. Military Academy, West Point.
- " " Quincy E. Dickerman, Master, Brimmer School, Boston.
- " " Richard Edwards, LL. D., State Superintendent of Education, Illinois.
- " 23. Albert J. Mancher, Principal, Grammar School, Providence, R. I.
- " " Thomas Metcalf, Professor of Language, State Normal University, Ill.
- " " James D. Whitmore, Principal, High School, New Haven, Conn.
- " 25. Sarah D. Ottiwell, First Assistant, High School, New Bedford.
- " 26. Albert G. Boyden, Principal, State Normal School, Bridgewater.
- " 27. Ira Moore, Principal, State Normal School, San Diego, Cal.
- " 30. Edward C. Delano, Assistant Superintendent Schools, Chicago, Ill.
- " " Robert C. Metcalf, Supervisor of Schools, Boston.

- " 31. Oliver F. Bryant, First Associate Principal, Chauncy Hall School, Boston.
- " " Rebecca E. Chase, First Assistant, High School, Providence, R. I.
- " " Charlotte M. Gardner, First Assistant, Girls' High School, Boston.
- " 32. Thomas H. Barnes, Master, Bigelow Grammar School, South Boston.
- " 34. James T. Allen, English and Classical School, West Newton.
- " " Edwin C. Hewett, LL. D., President, State Normal University, Illinois.
- " " Sarah J. Baker, Principal, Dudley Grammar School, Boston.

To be continued.

LOCALS.

—Why should Normals eat their apples with the skins on?

—Some nouns form their plurals irregularly; the plural of *hade* is the end of the dike.

—The subscription paper belongs to the genus commercial paper. Authority, sub-senior arithmetic class.

—Saturday, June 2, a member of the Geology class, with cheeks and nose a little brighter than a lobster, was asked where she had been; she answered with alacrity, "I have been to measure *hades*."

—Beware of the sand-man! He haunts the premises these warm afternoons. The study hour in the hall is his favorite time and place, but he has been known to go into the *Latin class* though, *mirabile dictu*, he made but one victim.

—We have been pleased to learn of a way by which the inherited taste of strong drink may be prevented. We were solemnly informed, that if none married *for four generations* the tendency to dissipation would die out of the family entirely.

—Scene. Physiology class, (students examining bones.)

Teacher—"What does tubercle mean?"

Lady Student—"A little tube." (teacher smiles.)

Teacher—"Go back to Botany, what kind of a plant is a tuber?"

An anxious volunteer—"A strawberry."

Class roars and teacher suggests it ought *tu-ber* put in the OFFERING.

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Reception of Graduating Class, Friday evening, June 22.

Graduation Exercises, June 27, forenoon and afternoon.

—A striking illustration of the *moving* power of song was observed lately on the Old Colony. It seems that several Normal students, on boarding the train, were obliged to stand on account of the crowded condition of the car. As a last resort, they struck up the tune of "Nellie was a lady." So remarkable was the effect produced, that before the strains of the first stanza had died away, some eight or ten passengers nearest the singers were so completely overcome by their emotions, that they retired to the smoker to weep unobserved. And so great was the curiosity of all the others to see why the first detachment went out, that the major part of the car was cleared during the rendition of the next two stanzas.

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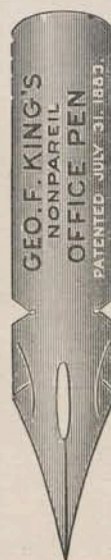
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